

widow made to rejoice in her solitary home, be more to the man of business than the world's admiration for his financial talents? Would that to every one who stands faltering over the chasm of avarice, and self-interest, would come such a dreamy vision as that presented by Dickens to the hard-hearted Scrooge. If each individual could see written before him the past, present, and to come, could feel the chain which prevents him from rising to heaven, with the weight, not so much of actual sin as of advantages unimproved, poor hearts ungladdened—could they see their own selfishness vividly portrayed before them with its inevitable result; could they read how the hearts of all around them chilled at their approach, when by less self-seeking they could make a genial atmosphere that should warm and elevate all who approached them—how different would the world be to them, what light and gladness would they enjoy! Then they would learn the true meaning of happiness, to dispense to others, to seek out the deserving, to send, without the generous hand from which it comes being known, the small sum which meets the widow's rent, or pays for the little comforts which the aged need, to educate the children of poverty to enable them to start in life with a fair chance of success, to aid the young man just entering on business. These, these are the true pleasures of life, which far outweigh all the mean satisfactions of gain and accumulation.

But, Michael Grant, spite of the bitter lesson he had received, could not open his heart to these blessed truths; money had become his god; money closed his mind against the influence of the wife of his bosom; money made him traitor to the noble man who had saved his life at the imminent risk of his own. Gold! gold! gold! was his idol.

"Gold—gold—gold! Let it be gold!
Asleep or awake that tale he told."

It would suffer no rival; and so he went on. His thirst for gold blasted the happiness of his family. Mary, the high-hearted, high-principled, loved him still, but there was an ice barrier between them, and had it not been for her faith and trust in the power and love of God, she would gladly have laid her head in the grave,—and yet with a woman's heart she ever hoped. She could not see that all the divine light was quenched from her husband's soul; she could not, would not believe but that his nature would be once more rekindled by the heavenly fire; and this hope is encouraged, because she has in him still one pure natural affection, undimmed by his mas-

ter passion, the love for his grand-child,—the common-looking, awkward, but resolute and intellectual Joan.

The development of this child's character is admirably managed, and Mrs. Marsh has drawn in her, one in whom we love to dwell,—who stands out in bold contrast to all around her,—one in whom are beautifully blended the lofty attributes of her grandmother, with the keen sightedness and intellectual superiority of the grandfather—and her whole nature becomes refined by her intimate intercourse with the lovely Strathnaer family. Her kindness to the poor weak Granville, the good influence she exercises not only over him, but also over the impetuous, self-willed Edward, are beautifully described.

There are not many characters introduced into the work; it is simple in its delineation, requiring no violent catastrophes to free the author from the trouble of sustaining his characters,—the two families of Grant and Strathnaer, are the only ones, each types of their class; each perfectly natural; the effect of circumstances upon their various positions, are admirably portrayed; the deep sympathies which are excited as the net draws closer and closer around the gentle earl, those sympathies which by going always towards the good and true, and never with the selfish and hard hearted, show that the heart our good God has given us is right, if we will reverently listen to its promptings.

No one can read this book without feeling the beauty of disinterestedness, without having the better affections quickened, the nobler nature brought out. It were useless to touch upon each point of interest; indeed it is impossible, for there is hardly a page that does not contain something to repay for its perusal. It does not falter at all, but the interest is sustained to the very close; indeed, it becomes almost too deep, as the great work which has linked together Michael and Lord Strathnaer proceeds to its end, and the mind is just relieved of its pressure of anxiety, when, by a sudden convulsion of nature, the hopes of years are destroyed, the fortunes of Lord Strathnaer laid low and his death-blow given.

There is very little of love romance throughout the book, not one chapter hardly a passage given to the sentimental love, which floods our common novels,—for Joan's attachment to Edward, deep as it is, hardly bears the stamp of love; and the letting it flow on naturally as it does, without distorting events to bring about the generally so much longed for conclusion of a happy marriage, is a fitting close to the book.